The HAPPY MAN's GARLAND,

Containing Five New SONGS.

1. The Happy Man.
2. The Advice.
3. The Way to keep Him.
4. The Lover's Wiſh.
5. The Viſit.

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er.

THE HAPPY MAN.

NO Glory I covet, no Riches I want,
Ambition is nothing to me;
The one Thing I beg of kind Heaven to grant
Is a Mind independant and free.

By Paſſion unruffled, untainted with Pride;
By Reaſon my Life let me ſquare;
The Wants of my Nature are chiefly ſupply'd
The reſt are but Folly and Care.

Thoſe Bleſſings which Providence kindly ha
I'll juſtly and gratefully prize, [lent
Whilſt ſweet Meditation, and chearful Conten
Will make me both happy and wiſe.

How vainly through infinite Trouble and Strif
The many their Labours employ;
When all that is truly delightful in Life,
Is what all, if they will, may enjoy.

The ADVICE.

A New Song.

MAN on Creation,
Was n't born to Vexation,
His Paſtime was Pleaſure all the Day long,
'Till Sin came upon him,
Which ſoon had undone him,
And brought all its Train of Miſfortunes along.

Then ſince by our Birth,
We're entitled to Mirth,
Let's enjoy each Moment of Life while we can;
For there is no relying
On Time who ſwift flying,
Cuts off in an Inſtant the Pleaſures of Man.

Be merry with Prudence,
And fear no Intrudence,
Of any thing hurtful to Nature or Joy;
Shun exceſs of Drinking,
And Women lewd thinking,
Much Wine and lewd Women your Peace will deſtroy.

In Muſick delighting,
And Singing inviting,
In each innocent Pleaſure be frolick and gay.
Adhere but to Virtue,
And nothing can hurt, you,
She'll befriend you when Nature herſelf ſhall decay.

The Way to keep Him.

A New Song.

YE fair married Dames, who ſo often deplore
That a Lover once bleſs'd is a Lover no more,
Attend to my Council, nor bluſh to be taught
That Prudence muſt cheriſh what Beauty has caught.

The Bloom of her Cheek, and the Glance of your Eye,
Your Roſes and Lillies may make the Men ſigh,
But Roſes, and Lillies, and Sighs, paſs away,
And Paſſion will die as your Beauties decay.

Uſe the Man that you wed like your fav'rite Guittar,
Tho' Muſick in both, they are both apt to jar,

How tuneful and ſoft from a delicate Touch,
Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much.

The Sparrow and Linnet will feed from your Hand,
Grow Tame by your Kindneſs, and come at Command;
Exhert with your Huſband the ſame happy Skill,
For Hearts, like your Birds, may be tam'd to your Will.

Be gay and good humour'd, complying and kind,
Turn the chief of your Care from your Face to your Mind,
'Tis there that a Wife may her Conqueſts improve,
And Hymen ſhall rivet the Fetters of Love.

THE

LOVER's WISH.

WITH beateous *Arminta* ranging,
Where balmy Fragrance breath'd around;
Where various Odours, Colours changing,
Perfum'd and beautify'd the Ground.
I pluck'd a Roſe, whoſe Sweets exhaling,
Diffus'd Ambroſia thro' the Air;
Whoſe damaſk Bluſh the Eye regaling,
Courted the Wiſhes of the Fair.

Soon as the blooming, captive Flow'r,
Was ſtolen from its lovely Bed,
I felt the Thorn's revenging Pow'r,
And thus to my *Arminta* ſaid:
"Come, quickly come, and eaſe my Anguiſh
"Your gentle Hand to mine apply:
"On your Account in Pain I languiſh,
"To you I now for Succour fly."

With tender Haſte, the Nymph directed
A Needle to the wounded Part;
But, while ſhe eas'd the Place affected,
The Thorn was driven to my Heart.

ince this, alas! is my Condition,
And ſhe can cure my Wound alone,
May ſhe continue my Phyſician,
And to my Heart apply her own.

The VISIT.

I Went to ſee my Dear, but ſhe
No ſooner ſaw my Face,
Than, in Diſdain, ſhe turn'd away,
And left me in a Maze.

I follow'd, aſk'd her, what might be
The Cauſe ſhe us'd me ſo?
She look'd upon me ſullenly,
And, pouting, bid me go.

"Pox take your jilting Tricks, ſaid I,
"Have I this Scorn deſerved?
"Have I done Aught? if not, then why
"Am I thus baſely ſerv'd?"

All in a Rage, I curs'd and ſwore,
To turn my Love to Hate;
Reſolv'd that I would never more
Come near the baſe Ingrate.

At that ſhe caſt a tempting Smile,
And ſhew'd me ſuch new Charms,
I ſtood to think upon't awhile,
Then fled into her Arms.

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